



The Quill

*Queens College
Charlotte, N. C.*

MAY, 1958

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Laura Prince

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager Harriett Lipford
Advertising Manager Linda Glenn
Advertising Manager Assistant Barbara Bumgarner
Circulation Manager Dottie DuBose
Circulation Manager Assistant Kathy Klick

LITERARY STAFF

News Editor Marilyn Hackett
Essay Editor Anne Carmichael
Poetry Editor Alita White
Editorial Editor Catherine Ramsey
Short Story Editor Patsy Hogg

MAKE-UP STAFF

Make-up Editor Nancy Campbell
Assistant Make-up Editor Sylvia McKenzie
Artists Jane Myers, Melissa Martin, Robbie Leckie
Photographer Elizabeth Sproul
Advisors Miss Mildred Miscally, Miss Laura Tillett, Dr. D. M. Monroe

Contents

EDITORIALS

<i>In Appreciation</i> —Amelia Alba and Phyllis Merry	4
<i>Take It Easy</i> —Veronica Chow	4
<i>Sharpe Probing Rouses Response</i> —Penny Smith	5
<i>We The Enemy</i>	6
<i>A Plea For Profanity—Somewhere Else</i> —Alita White	17

EXPOSITORY WRITING

<i>Parliamentary Procedure</i>	7
<i>Incident In Beirut, Lebanon</i>	11
<i>Our Professors' Gifted Husbands</i> —Sylvia McKenzie and Jean Taylor	12
<i>And I Shall Remember</i> —Laura Prince	13

POETRY

Alita White	8
Alita White	9
Sylvia McKenzie	9
Suzanne Carruthers	10
Charlotte Knoefel	10
Mary Brooks Yarborough	10
Charlotte Knoefel	15
Mary Stenhouse	15
Suzanne Carruthers	15
Laura Prince	15
Betty Jenkins	16
Alita White	16
Jane Kluttz	21
Suzanne Carruthers	23

FICTION

<i>Cherry Blossoms</i> —Susan Burns	19
<i>The Cell</i> —Mary Brooks Yarborough	19
<i>11 P. M.</i> —Barbara White	20
<i>The Ice Cream Cone</i> —Sally Anderson	22

HUMOROUS WRITING

<i>Torture</i> —Sue Ross	6
<i>Everybody's Doing It</i>	10
<i>Letter From Mooresville, North Carolina</i>	14
<i>You'll Love It</i> —Susan Sharpe and Blue Calhoun	17

Cover by Elizabeth Sproul

from the quill



IN APPRECIATION

Miss Thelma Albright

Miss Thelma Albright, who has been the Dean of Students and an Associate Professor of English at Queens College for seventeen years, has requested that she be relieved of her position as Dean of Students, continuing, however, as a faculty member in the English Department. The years that Miss Albright has spent as our Dean have indeed been successful ones, for the present type of student government, the honor system, and the excellent Panhellenic spirit are all a portion of the changes brought about through her diligent leadership as she worked with the students. Miss Albright has devoted many hours of each week to discussing personal problems with students and to having conferences with student leaders, as a result of which the various organizations were made more effective. Although she may feel that she was doing only her duty, we feel that she has gone far beyond such in giving us the help and the encouragement that we needed. Through all her efforts Miss Albright has exemplified the finest characteristics of mature womanhood and of wise leadership—dignity, unselfishness, and sincerity.

Amelia Alba

Mr. Gordon W. Sweet

For many years Gordon W. Sweet has devotedly served as Dean of the College, and during this time Queens has achieved significant goals. Being elected to the College Entrance Examination Board, Mr. Sweet has held several important positions while he has served as our Dean. He also has promoted extensive use of academic and admission counseling on the campus. In addition to his regular administrative duties as Dean of the College, Mr. Sweet has generously devoted many hours to student counseling. Being a guide and an inspiration to all of us, he has willingly and often participated in numerous college activities, showing a spirit which is essential on the college campus.

Next year Mr. Sweet will assume the position of Executive Secretary of the Commission on Colleges and Universities of the Southern Association. It is with regret that the members of our student body will see him leave us, but we wish him success in his new and challenging work.

Phyllis Merry

TAKE IT EASY

Nowadays this familiar phrase, "take it easy," has become so prevalent among people all over the world, that no matter where we travel, we can always find people relaxing while there is much to be done. A majority of our elders think that they should take everything easy and enjoy themselves, since they are approaching the end of their lives. They no longer consider it worthwhile to exhaust themselves with toil and labour; this may be left to the heroes of the next generation. Unfortunately, a high percentage of young men, like their fathers, abandon themselves to an attitude of taking pleasure and leaving the pain and labour to others. This preference for the easy life is so pervasive that some school boys and girls, though they are glad to obtain a diploma, if possible, refuse to study or to use their intelligence either in everyday lessons or during examinations. To study is considered too irksome. "Why should we bother about school work? There isn't enough time left for study-

ing!" Such attitudes exert tremendous influence among young people over the world. We are obliged to be on constant watch lest we ourselves become involved in such a maze of indolence!

To be a useful individual, one must assume his own responsibility as a member of the large family of the world. A family can only be happy and successful when all its members are helping by taking up their own responsibilities. Every minute and every second of our existence is supported by a heritage of hard-won accomplishment. Are we, in whose hands lie the fate of future generations, just waiting here at ease to receive the benefit of others' struggle? No! This degrading idea cannot force itself upon us, for we will not submit ourselves to it. If we do not also try our best and suffer as some of our forefathers did we will be totally unworthy of receiving the fruit of their toil.

History tells the story of a number of influential men living before us—religious pioneers, inspiring poets, and political experts. The key to their greatness lay not only in the fact that they had unusual talents but also in the fact that they did not allow life to slip by. Each moment was an opportunity for creative endeavor; they were willing to offer their all for the welfare of people. Sakyamuni, the pioneer of Buddhism, was originally a wealthy and powerful prince of one of the tribes of India. Being a serious young man, he refused many of the pleasures of life. With no reluctance, he left great wealth, power, and the coveted kingship, retiring to a deep valley where he lived in hardship and poverty. We may wonder why he was so foolish. The answer is quite simple. Since he had a high aim in life, he had to reach it no matter what obstacle lay in the way. Nothing could prevent him from searching for what he regarded as the truth. In other words, he did not take life easy! Milton, one of the honored poets in our literary history, was spoken of as the Champion of Hope while he himself was blind. If he had given up his aims after losing his sight, the world of literature and we ourselves would be deprived of his shining light of courage and hope.

Life is like a battlefield in which everyone has to be on the constant alert. With a "take it easy" attitude, we cannot hope to live a purposeful life.

Veronica Chow

SHARPE PROBING ROUSES RESPONSE

In the last issue of *The Quill*, there appeared an editorial entitled "A False Emphasis" in which "the worth and fitness" of Christian Re-emphasis Week were questioned. What I shall write in this article will not be a point-by-point rebuttal of Susan Sharpe's statement; for, though I disagree with some of the thought in the editorial and almost wholly with the presentation, I think that I understand and am in agreement with the motive prompting the writing of the article. I believe that the statement originated in a desire for honesty, and constitutes a plea for this quality. If this is so, it merits response. I might also add, if honesty is the desired goal, that the article deserves much shearing since the absolute nature of many of its statements and conclusions fall into the category of dishonest exaggeration.

Expansion on the term "honesty" as used in the above paragraph seems an important measure to take before proceeding with any other thought. Susan and many others on our campus are wisely aware, I think, of the insidious danger that peculiarly plagues church-related campuses, that is, the possibility of becoming a dissipated spiritual paralytic through increasing dependence upon doses of Christian tonic dealt out under the trade names of "chapel," "Christian Re-emphasis Week," "prayer meetings," "vespers," and so forth. Instead of these activities being supplementary vitamins for the upbuilding and stabilizing of healthy, spiritual growth patterns, they become our only source of religious nourishment, "fixes" that tide us over until we can get another boost. If these tonics happen to be watered-down solutions of the real thing, one can see what devastating effects might ensue, their usage. It is against this sort of addiction that we should seek to guard by frequent, honest appraisals

of the attitudes of purpose which we hold toward all the religious activities on our campus and, in particular, the Christian Re-emphasis Week.

In the article, "A False Emphasis," the original fallacy in the Christian Re-emphasis Week idea is stated as being "the unwarranted expectation that one week," offering an unusually lofty type of spiritual experience, "should be the apex of a student's religious enlightenment for that year." The pointing out of this fallacy constitutes one of the premises, from which the unsoundness of a Christian Re-emphasis Week is concluded. This is argument based upon a condition and is, therefore, not conclusive; that is, if the week is intended to be the consummate Christian experience of the year and is thus awaited by the campus community, then one justifiably may question its value, for "one week, arbitrarily picked out" cannot be this. I am sure, however, that neither its originators nor its contemporary sponsors ever intended for this conception of the week to become established. I trust that few of them were and are actually foolish enough to support the illusion that one week of services can encompass a person's significant spiritual growth for one year. Some of the goals of the week as listed by the Q.C.A. President and as recorded in the mentioned editorial are the "questioning of, re-evaluation of, and, finally, re-dedication to one's religion or faith." Nowhere is it intimated that these processes as they occur within the context of such a week under discussion are to be the height of a student's Christian growth; rather, the week, I think, is intended and should be structured so that these processes which ought to be continuously occurring in our experience can receive special attention and encouragement. I suggest, therefore, that perhaps it is our attitudes toward the week, not the intent of the week itself, which need to be tested for soundness.

That a single week of sermons and group discussions can offer little toward the realization of the profound goals listed by the Q.C.A. President, indeed, has "little or no relationship to them," is another of the questions raised in the article. The argument is based primarily on the responsibility of the individual in the religious experience. It has already been stated that the danger of allowing religious activities to become crutches should be recognized; this is certainly an undesirable extreme. On the other hand, there exists the equally prevalent danger of stumbling about in a vague, eccentric religious maze constructed solely from our own peculiar experience. In the editorial it was suggested that one's "real religion" is a combination of "the attitudes of humility, kindness, confidence, which grow out of everyday experiences with people." All of us realize that spontaneity may be somewhat limited in discussion groups and in church services, but, nonetheless, are we to regard these as unsuccessful human encounters? Why are we not able to accept these also as mutually beneficial exchanges of Christian thought? Here again it seems that we are guilty of stereotyped attitudes toward what we have inadvertently or deliberately labeled "religious activities" and which, therefore, are due only stuffy responses. Further, in denying the value of the sermons and discussions, it appears that we fail to realize the need and joy of increasing our own understanding and possession of the unfathomable riches of our faith. C. S. Lewis in a composite of some of his writings tells of an "old, hard-bitten" R.A.F. officer who had no desire to hear any religious formulas or dogmas about God because these would make the great, mysterious Presence he had known in the loneliness of a desert night seem petty and pedantic. Mr. Lewis goes on to compare the experience of

God Himself and the Christian creeds respectively to the thrill of viewing the Atlantic Ocean and looking at a map of it. He writes as follows:

Doctrines are not God: they are only a kind of map. But that map is based on the experience of hundreds of people who really were in touch with God—experiences compared with which any thrills or pious feelings you and I are likely to get on our own would be very elemental and very confused.

Mr. Lewis further reasons that people who either study only maps or only gaze spellbound at the mysterious sea never get anywhere; it is they who "launch out into the deep" with the aid of studied maps and charts who arrive at their destinations and who enjoy the discovery of new worlds. Vague religious feelings are too often a sign of fear or of a lazy unwillingness to engage in the rigorous exercises and study that enable us to "give a reason for the hope that is within us." That one man in a single series of sermons or several people in a half-dozen discussion groups can provide all the answers for a year's spiritual voyaging for all the people on this campus is an absurdity; but that many of us might learn many things about Christian seamanship through exchange with those who have traveled more, and less, than we is a very real possibility.

Before leaving the subject of sermons and discussions, it seems important to recognize the valid and imaginatively challenging objection raised by the writer of the editorial, that the unvaried nature of the activities employed to implement the Christian Re-emphasis Week idea limits the reach of the week. As the program now stands, a lack of spiritual initiative and of the exercising of critical powers on the part of the students could cause the success of the week to rest ponderously on "the personality and theology of one man." Perhaps an art exhibition considering the development of Christian art, or the treatment of great religious themes in painting, or the religious significance of modern architecture in churches and otherwise would be stimulating to some. The using of selections of excellent religious music with an analysis of the composer's purposes and methods would please others by increasing the ability to worship through music. The encouragement of the consideration of the relevance of Christianity in our special interest fields by making available personal study projects or group seminars would enhance the week for still others; for example, the literary minded would enjoy examining the works of certain Christian poets or the writings of several Christian apologists such as are C. S. Lewis and Dorothy Sayres; those interested in sociology and psychology might find it interesting to consider the pertinency of Christianity to some statements considering contemporary youth such as were those which appeared in two recent issues of *Life* and *Holiday*, one entitled "The Unsilent Generation" and the other, "The Beat Generation." An editorial such as the one appearing in the Easter issue of *Life* magazine, which evaluated in a refreshing way the relevance of Christianity in the space age, could provide a thought springboard for the scientifically minded. We should be constantly seeking new media and contemporary language through which our faith may be communicated. Imagination, critical rigor, and a confidence in the desire and ability of God and people to aid in our spiritual growth are all needed in the preparation and maintenance of the good attitudes necessary for an enriching week of Christian communion.

Penny Smith

TORTURE

"I must have it!" she cried with agony in her voice. As she looked up she tried to fight the tears that were fast clouding her vision. "They just don't understand; I have to have it!" Gazing around and wondering if anyone saw her plight, she nervously glanced first to her right and then to her left—no one. Once again her eyes looked upward, and like a small child watching her gas-filled balloon float skyward, she stood planted to the floor. Tears trickled down her cheeks as she realized that she was defeated, utterly defeated: she could never reach that assigned book on the sixteenth shelf!

Sue Ross

WE THE ENEMY

reprinted from the *National Student News*

We are the enemies of Academic freedom. We, the American students, are destroying one of the most necessary of all liberties. We are destroying the freedom of inquiry. We are letting it soften into disuse or harden into a cliché.

We do not lose our freedom by failing to defend it; nor do we consciously attack it. Freedom of inquiry becomes meaningless in the uncritical acceptance of texts; the right to examine all points of view turns into an empty phrase in the face of answers parroted from lecture notes.

"Whatever is, is right" is applied regularly to the contents of lectures, and textbooks. We forget all too easily that "fact" is not the same at all times or to all people—that what we believed yesterday may be in error today and that what we believe today may seem nonsense to our neighbors. To Ptolemy the stationary earth was a "fact"; to the French, Racine and Corneille are "greater" dramatists than Shakespeare; to many democratically inclined Africans national party systems are "false." The defense of any particular fact, value judgment, or theory requires its constant critical reappraisal and revalidation in the light of new knowledge. As Einstein's theories affect past knowledge in mathematics and physics, so Eliot's poetry and criticism affect the stature of long dead poets and critics.

If academic freedom is to be more than a cliché, we must learn to be critical in considering a lecture or book. We must view the essay or a paper as an exercise in presenting a view which is plausible, and we must be prepared to defend it (the paper) in terms of fact and informed opinion: We must not view it as an opportunity for demonstrating our ability to memorize or to create what will "please" the instructor. We accept these approaches because they are easier.

A scholar's goal is not to read, to listen, to remember, to collate, and to repeat, but rather, to study, to consider, to criticize, to evaluate, and to synthesize. We must fulfill this role ourselves, and we must work to create an atmosphere on the campus which will allow all members of the educational community to enjoy the free exercise of this most vital freedom.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE

Now that elections are behind us and the various organizations of the campus have had several weeks of meeting together and making plans for the coming year, it seems of practical value for each of us to learn more about parliamentary procedure if we want our meetings to run smoothly and more quickly than they have in the past. The following is a condensation of the most important points of parliamentary procedure and should certainly be beneficial to those who put it into practice.

A Call For Order

I. Agenda.

- A. Call to order.
- B. Reading of the minutes of the last meeting.
- C. Reports of the officers and standing committees.
These reports need a motion to accept which is seconded.
- D. Unfinished or old business.
- E. New business.
- F. Adjournment.

II. Motions

A. Classifications.

1. Main motions. These bring proposals before the body to be considered. Only one motion can be on the floor at a time.

2. Subsidiary motions. These are designed to modify or dispose of the main motion. They supersede the main motion and must be voted on before the main motion can be considered.
3. Privilege motions. These have precedence over all other motions. They cannot be debated and no other motion can be applied to them.
4. Incidental motions. These arise out of the motion pending, take precedence over, and must be decided before continuing further.

B. Proposal of motions.

1. Proposed. "Mr. Chairman, I move . . ."
2. Seconded.
3. Stated by the chair.
4. Debate or discussion. Remember that a motion that receives no second is lost for want of a second and there is no point in proceeding further. The maker of the motion is entitled to the floor first to speak in favor of the motion. He is followed by a speaker against the motion. Chair: "Is there a speaker against the motion?" A member who has not spoken on the floor takes precedence over one who has.
5. Call for the question.
6. Proceed to vote.

(Continued on page 8)



C. Precedence of motions.

Motions	Need Second	Amend- able	Debat- able	Vote	Interrupt Speaker
1. Privilege					
Fix time to adjourn	Y	Y	N	M	N
Adjourn	Y	N	N	M	N
Recess	Y	Y	N	M	N
Quest of privilege	N	N	N	N	Y
2. Subsidiary					
Previous question	Y	N	N	M	N
Limit, extend debate	Y	Y	N	$\frac{2}{3}$	N
Amend	Y	Y	Y	M	N
3. Main Motions					
Main Motions	Y	Y	Y	M	N
Resolutions	Y	Y	Y	M	N
4. Unclassified Motions					
Point of order	N	N	N	N	Y
Parliamentary Inquiry	N	N	N	N	Y
Information	N	N	N	N	N
Appeal from chair	Y	N	Y	M	N
Suspend the rules	Y	N	N	$\frac{2}{3}$	N
Close nominations	Y	Y	N	$\frac{2}{3}$	N
Division of Assembly	N	N	N	N	N
Division of question	Y	N	N	$\frac{2}{3}$	Y
Objection to question	Y	N	N	N	Y
Quorum call	N	Y	N	M	N

D. Specific motions and purposes.

1. Amend: To modify a proposal before the body by addition or deletion.
2. Substitute: To replace at least one paragraph of the proposal with something new.
3. Limit debate: To specify the length of time allowed for debate or when debates will close.
4. Previous question: To bring the assembly at once to a vote.
5. Close nominations: To allow the body to proceed at once to a vote.
6. Appeal the decision of the chair: To place the responsibility for a ruling in the hands of the assembly.
7. Division of assembly: To have the vote taken in such a manner as to insure accuracy.
8. Point of order: To object to a procedure as being in conflict with the rules of procedure.
9. Suspend a rule: To set aside a rule that interferes with a proposed action.
10. Recess: To call for an intermission during the course of the session.
11. Reconsider: To bring a previous action before the body again. The motion is made by a member of the prevailing side, can be debated after it has been seconded, and needs majority vote.

III. Amendments.

- A. Amend by insertion or deletion.
- B. Amend by substitution.

C. Points to be remembered.

1. The amendment must be related to the immediately pending question.
2. Amendments require a second, are amendable if of the first rank, and debatable if the motion is debatable.
3. Two types of amendments:
 - a. First rank is an amendment to the main motion.

Identity—

A human sanctity—
 Was mine
 At the end of the dream.
 Waking, I rose,
 Proud and free,
 Knowing the glory
 Of nakedness,
 Only to clothe my "self"
 In garments,
 Only to face a nightmare—
 Names replaced by numbers.
 Leaders and creeds
 Reached out for me,
 Required and obtained
 My surrender.
 "The 'greater good!'"
 They shouted
 And submerged me
 In their evil,
 And I, like a bird,
 Caught by a snake,
 Was submissive
 To fascination.

- b. Second rank is an amendment to the amendment.

4. An amendment of the second rank pertains to the amendment, not the motion.
5. It is impossible to have more than two amendments on the floor at a time.
6. The vote is taken on the secondary amendment, the primary amendment, and then the main motion.

IV. Nominations and elections.

A. Nominations from the floor.

1. They need no second.
 2. They are repeated by the chair and recorded by the secretary.
 3. After calling for further nominations, the chair can declare the nominations closed.
 4. A motion to close nominations requires a $\frac{2}{3}$ majority vote.
 5. Prior to actual voting, the nominations can be opened by a majority vote.
- B. Nominations by a committee.
1. The committee presents one or more candidates for each office.
 2. The nominating committee's report is not adopted. It is treated as if the persons' names came from the floor.
 3. Further nominations are made from the floor.

V. Glossary of terms.

- A. Parliamentary inquiry: A request for information on the proper course of procedure.
- B. Privilege: Rights of the assembly. Usually related to physical comfort such as heat or inability to hear.
- C. Personal privilege: Must relate to an assembly member.
- D. Division of the question: Separating the motion into its parts so that they may be given individual consideration.

Life is given you—
Is death warmer?
Your face is on shore,
Your body in sea.
The land bird speaks
In the watery world—
And you know the sea
Must turn to sand,
But oblivion is precious;
Dawn is delusion,
Glimmering greenness—
Twilight awaiting
The dry, cold precision
Of light.
Day comes, stealing
Jeweled stars,
Fingering treetops,
Consuming darkness.
Secret withdrawal
Of nocturnal things,
Embracing mist
With powdered wings.
Light—tyranny
Leaves nothing unchanged.
The bird repeats
Its brilliant notes,
Unlike the sounds
Of darkness.
Persistence troubling,
Fingers reaching,
Fearing to touch,
Yet curious,
Aware, and glad
Of the dawn.
Waken slowly,
Carefully—
Creation begins
Before sunrise.
Take your dream,
Work with it later;
Polish and fuse
Two worlds.
Sun appears
Half a sphere—
Illusion
Leaving horizon,
Then clearing earth
With a bound.
A significant hush
All—bathed in glory.
Consciousness rise!
Bridge night and day!
For now comes rest—
Rejection of death,
Acceptance of life,
Contentment.

To one in love, there is a face
whose sweetness knows no rival.
Who dares to question the reason of the lover
or doubt the worth of the beloved?

Do not ask him how or why.
Love knows not its answer.
'Tis best he choose his own love,
And leave the world to wonder—
As it will.

Do not ask him how or why.
His heart is his alone.
With her he'll share his soul and life,
And leave the world to wonder—
As it will.

Do not ask him how or why.
One day your own love will come,
And in the peace its revelation brings,
You'll leave the world to wonder—
As it will.



"The heavens are telling the glory of God; and the firmament proclaims his handiwork."—PSALMS 19:1

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

The following samples of student writing were collected by members of the English department of a state university and are mostly from Freshman papers.

"Sailors are sea-fearing men."

"To this one dramatic major I shall give the anonymous name of Jane Doe."

"She was pleasing plumb."

"Sam Rosenberg, the fighting Irishman as he called himself, was his name."

"Cheating is a result of a condition which does not exist between teachers and students."

"The referee said that the gold counted."

"Football was primerily established at West Point to stimulate a more soild feeling of unity."

"An athlete has a more physical body, therefore he uses his body more than his mind."

"Because of my statue I don't want a low-down type girl. I would prefer one about five feet seven or eight."

"A theme should be written so the reader will be aware of things, other than what is in his theme, by saying things which will make you think about other things, without writing them in your paper."

"By having a race horse farm and a beautiful house, he expects the people in the community to think of him as a very intelligence and extinguished man."

"Cheating in schools has been a problem since time and memoriam."

"The real purpose of a fraternity is to encourage scholasticism as well as socialism."

"With sufficient, well-defined thinking all questions should be answered, and it should be fairly simple to just write them down in concurrent order."

"The principal character, Dr. Stockman, discovers the water supply in his town is diluted."

"Now if movies of today were uncensored, I don't think I would learn a thing, but it would increase my knowledge of that subject."

"Injuries often prove fatal to the horse, and some never recover."

"Placing football players on a higher level, as is done, gives them a so called spree-to-corps."

"I can't think of anything which being totally ignorant of which would benefit the person ignorant of it."

"Most classics are written by a foreign author and have a foreign accent to the words."

"The metaphor, 'My love is like a red, red rose,' is often confused with a simile."

"One of India's beliefs is the secrecy of the cow."

"Race prejudice is a very serious problem that confronts all Americans, and it should be abolished and replaced by a free country where everyone is truly created equal."

"Some students but not very many, were not as intelligent as others."

"I think it can hurt a student to study too much more or just as much as one that doesn't study enough."

Suzanne Carruthers

"Come, dear; it's time . . ."
To break the memories,
My very being.
Time?
There is no such thing as
That waster of moments.
Memories are timeless,
And so I shall be destined
To live
Forever.

Charlotte Knoefel

The smell of flowers in the air,
A touch of color everywhere,
Professors painfully aware
Of students' incomprehensive stare,
Daydreams of memories so fair,
Things that happened here and there—
The total, we know, simply means
That Spring passed through the gates of Queens.

Mary Brooks Yarborough

New York is . . .
Poodles with raincoats and golashes
Dogs that know only sidewalks
Windowboxes
The home reached by elevator
Tenements crowding the railroad tracks
Saturday night at the new musical
An afternoon spent in a bridge game on Long Island
Children playing ball in the streets
Unseen children in quiet dark apartment buildings
The taxi driver who would leave to escape the crowds if his
wife would go, too
The taxi driver who has carried Clark Gable
The millions of lives that never connect except for a minute
and a glance on the street
Crowded churches that issue tickets for the Easter services
The clacking roar of the subway heard through the exits
Rain
Sunlight that never penetrates the shadows of the buildings
of Rockefeller center
Waving a taxi from the doorstep
People who never stop to stare except at a rabbit on a leash
The actors and actresses who slip out of the back door of
the theater to go home
Crowded sidewalks at twelve in the evening
The surge of people from the subways at eight in the morn-
ing, spilling over into the streets
Pink-haired showgirls with cars to match
Proprietors of neighborhood stores who know their customers
Small parties for small worlds
The taxi meter ticking while traffic is stopped for a fire
Touring boats on the East River
Entered and left over bridges and through tunnels.

INCIDENT IN BEIRUT, LEBANON



Henry H. Bucher, Jr., is a senior at the American University of Beirut, Lebanon. He attended Davidson College for two years and afterwards went abroad for his junior year. This year proved to be such an interesting and a rewarding one that Mr. Bucher has decided to remain at the University for his final one. *The Quill* staff is indeed fortunate to present this account of one of his experiences.

"Save Jameeleh! Algeria is an Arab State, let the Arabs run it. All the Arab States should be united!! . . ."— My *Introduction to the Philosophy of History* dropped with a thud on the library table as I glanced out the window of the library and scanned the sunny campus of the American University of Beirut blossoming in an early March spring. It sounded like a riot similar to the one during the Suez Canal crisis in November of 1956 . . . but we had been warned again and again that student political demonstrations were strictly against all rules. Then I remembered! Today was March 6! Tomorrow was the day set for the execution of 22-year-old Jameeleh Bouhired—a school girl in Algeria accused of aiding the rebels in their long struggle for freedom from France.

At 8:30 A.M. a large group of students started marching in columns. In the front, a leader shouldered high above the rest shouted well-known nationalistic slogans while those following joined enthusiastically in chanting the response. I didn't feel like studying on my birthday anyway . . . I had hardly stepped outside the library before a mimeographed sheet was handed to me signed by the "Women Students of the American University of Beirut." Like similar groups from Russia to India, sympathy was being shown for what seemed to be a gross injustice. The last three paragraphs read:

"This, in brief, is the story of Jameeleh, a sample of a large population living on fire for the past few years, as though in a world of no social justice nor human justice, a world that does not believe in human rights and human freedom.

"While freedom, human rights, and safe independent living are the best fruits of the efforts of the twentieth century, we find some of the countries who support these

principles of living are the same nations who offend them. They discard them in their treatment to others, and the story of Jameeleh is the outstanding example of their inhuman and cruel ways of living.

"This in brief is what we can say regarding the situation. We certainly appreciate the fact that we live in a free and independent country, and also appreciate the other fact of having the freedom to express ourselves freely on the campus of this institution."

But the students of A.U.B. have more reason than many to plead for Jameeleh! Despite the some forty nationalities and varied religions, the AUB is a predominantly Arab institution in an Arab country which is surrounded by other Arab countries (Israel being one exception). In the past few months, history has been made under our very noses as Syria and Egypt lost their identity as such in becoming the United Arab Republic while Jordan and Iraq followed suit in uniting their kingdoms. If we follow the cries of the mob as it heads to the AUB Post Office, swings back and out the Medical Gate proceeding to the French Embassy, we hear shouts and appeals for ALL Arabs to join this unity and to look to Gamel Abdel-Nasser as the leader. The key is Arab Unity and discontent with the West, and before long it seemed that Jameeleh was only a catalyst to spur on more action—another name in the struggle for freedom. In asking many a student a week later if Jameeleh was finally executed, there was often hesitation and uncertainty in replying. Does the reader of this article know or care what happened to her?

And then many of the students didn't join the crowd. Nowhere to my knowledge is there any university with such diversity of tongue, nationality, religion, and political opinion. Many stood by shouting words of support while a great many shook their heads at the folly of it all. Even the 9:30 chapel was postponed, but in another hour the last echoes of the nationalistic strains disappeared down Bliss Street as the crowd went to express their views to the French Embassy which was being reinforced by a truckload of Lebanon's National Guard. Some of the older students had more realistic reminiscences of that riot over the Baghdad Pact in which one AUB student was accidentally shot.

But wait a minute! ! Don't let these incidents contort your picture of AUB and its three thousand normal students who have the same hopes and aspirations as you, but backed by

different cultures and ideas. In a world of modern revolutions, students in the Middle East are naturally more aware of politics and their own fight for freedom. They have not forgotten 1948 and the injustice done to the Arab World in the partition of Palestine—and they are determined not to forget! ! ! Around this central theme, many more thoughts, likes, and dislikes could be grouped—any of which would yield a long, serious discussion that would bring out the innermost feelings of Abdul, who remembers the English as he grew up in Baghdad, or Mahmoud, who will never forget those years in Damascus when the French were in Syria.

And now each day adds a new chapter to the growing Middle East and the larger part it is assuming in world politics and thought of today. Despite all this, that discussion over the coffee cup at the snack bar is more apt to be over tomorrow's review or last week's dance than over the Balfour Declaration or the Eisenhower Doctrine. Knowledge and concern about political events are taken for granted but that feeling is always there—that why, when, and what of world justice . . . and it occasionally comes out in a serious moment of discussion and contemplation.

No short letter like this can begin to tell you of the A.U.B. and her students or of the Middle East and her problems. One should try to learn about them on one's own initiative as hard as it is. But even if one grasps the complicated politics from current magazines, there remains the thrill of talking to the people in their homes, sharing living experiences with the students in the University, tasting the Arabic food at that corner restaurant, hearing the "sounds of the Middle East," smelling the shishkabob roasting on the turning stick, or trying to explain to the little Chicklet child why his Chicklets cannot be bought every day.

When the tourist sees the Cadillac and the donkey, or the new hotel near the shabby shack, he rightly concludes that the new meets the old in the Middle East . . . but men and movements are made of ideas. It is the existence of new and old ideas side by side that keeps the Middle East hopping in our twentieth century revolution of conflicting opinions, hopes, cultures, and ethical standards. Turning from the political scene, let me relate a visit we made one Saturday at sunset to a synagogue (Judaism is benevolently tolerated here as long as it remains a religion and steers clear of sympathy with militant Zionism). We were welcomed immediately by a request to turn on the electric light switch near the door. It had become almost impossible to read the Hebrew scriptures that they were studying and the Law forbade lighting the home or synagogue on the Sabbath since it was really work in those days of no electricity (Ex. 35:3). If we Gentiles hadn't dropped in, I wonder what would have happened?

East does meet West in the Middle East and it is a meeting of ideas. This is what makes the AUB so important as one of the greatest centers of ideas in the whole area. I have talked to many students whose ideas have changed so radically in their years at AUB that they fear going home. We must not pass by the words of ex-President Daniel Bliss of the AUB who said in 1872:

"This college is for all conditions and classes of men without regard to color, nationality, race or religion. A man—white, black or yellow; Christian, Jew, Muslim, or heathen—may enter and enjoy all the advantages of this institution for three, four or eight years and go out believing in God, in many gods, or in no God. But it will be impossible for anyone to continue with us long without

(Continued on page 13)

OUR PROFESSORS'

GIFTED HUSBANDS

Although we at Queens are aware of our privilege in having an outstanding faculty, we are not fully aware of the fact that some of our faculty have interesting and gifted husbands and wives. This is what we hope will be the first in a series of articles about the contributions of our faculty, and of their wives and husbands, to the field of literature. For this issue, we have selected Dr. William P. Cumming, husband of Mrs. Elizabeth Cumming, associate professor of English at Queens, and Mr. Paul Bartlett, husband of Mrs. Kathleen Bartlett, teacher of geography at Queens.

Dr. William P. Cumming, professor of English at Davidson College, is the author of two books which have just recently come from the press. His first book is the result of the study and research of twenty years of academic vacations. In *The Southeast In Early Maps*, Dr. Cumming has given the cartographic history of the region from Virginia to Florida from the time of Columbus' discovery of America up to the time of the American Revolution. The introductory essay, in particular, will appeal to anyone interested in the history of our region.

Dr. Cumming's interest in the cartography of this region can be traced to his discovery of many strange errors in old maps of the area. In the history of exploration there have been many boundary disputes, rivalries, and misconceptions. One strange misconception concerns a seventeenth century map of Carolina in which was shown a huge lake covering what is now northern Georgia, a large swamp across the Piedmont area of North Carolina, and the Arenosa Desert in what we now know as the Sand Hills region of North Carolina.

The Southeast In Early Maps contains 67 reproductions of old maps which have been done by the Meriden Gravure Press. In the last section of the book, the maps are listed as to where the original copy is located and what the importance of each map is. This is a very valuable book in that it is the first and only reference book on maps of the Southeast.

In addition to this splendid accomplishment, Dr. Cumming has an equally interesting book entitled *The Discoveries of John Lederer*. This is a revision of the journal of the first explorer to come through this region of the United States. Hired by the Governor of Virginia, he set out to find the Pacific Ocean which, it was thought, lay just over the Blue Ridge Mountains. We are pleased to say that this volume, re-edited by the University of Virginia Press, is now in our library.

Because of his outstanding work in the field of research, Dr. Cumming has been granted the Guggenheim Award, the highest award of its kind, for the coming year. This award will enable him and Mrs. Cumming to travel in seven or eight foreign countries and continue their studies.

In addition to being a noted painter and teacher of art, Mr. Paul Bartlett is a former president of the North Carolina Poetry Society and of the Charlotte Writers' Club. Published in December of 1957, *Moods and Memories* contains over fifty poems, most of which are sonnets. Mr. Bartlett has written these poems over a period of years. In this collection

of poems, we clearly see the observing eye of the artist at work.

"Everything connected with a subject cannot be expressed in color, and some aspects must, of necessity, be expressed in words." These words of Mr. Bartlett indicate his feelings about expression. Some of his poems parallel his paintings, as does this poem, "Horizontal."

Salt marsh at twilight—vast in this extent
Of somber and of level loneliness
Out-spread beneath clouds ponderous that press
Upon horizon's rim where now a rent,
Blood-red, foretells the day's extinguishment—
Last, anguished gleam whose strength grows ever
less,
Until, succumbing to the dark's duress,
Its lifeless gray within the gloom is blent.
As dims the tidal stream's meander-flow
That mirrored once sky's crimson slash of light,
On heavy wing, with even beat and slow,
A heron, in undeviating flight
Which parallels the land's long line below
Moves on its way and merges with the night.

Mr. Bartlett's poetry has been honored by the North Carolina Poetry Society and the North Carolina Poetry Council; he has had poetry published in the *Carolina Israelite*. A graduate of Harvard University, he was the editor of the campus humorous magazine, the *Harvard Lampoon*.

Moods and Memories was published by Heritage House of Charlotte, and is now on sale in Charlotte book stores and the Mint Museum of Art.

Queens is proud to have an association with two such outstanding individuals, and we think it especially nice that both Dr. Cumming and Mr. Bartlett dedicated their first book to their wives.

Sylvia McKenzie and Jean Taylor

AND I SHALL REMEMBER

You need not run your hand over your hair as if to hide the few grey hairs there, for I noticed them long ago as I sat in class listening to the quiet, soothing tones of your voice. Everything about you impressed me, especially so because Charles had many times visited your house when he was a small boy. Just now I can visualize the nick in your antique secretary made by Bob when he threw a metal bookend at Charles. And you *would* be lovely in a red dress!

But you will soon leave to be away for a while, and when you return I shall no longer be here, listening to the comical tale about the papist or the interesting one concerning a supposed witch in Salem. And *Moby Dick* . . . will I ever know if his color was symbolic or not? And it will not change the patterns of the world if I prove that Eustacia Vye committed suicide. And yes, to me Keats does present the consummation of the true poet. And Prufrock? Prufrock will always long to be "a pair of ragged claws scuttling across the floor of silent seas."

And when you return, will you remember me as you influence those who have taken my place? Prufrock is valuable, but the blunders count also. How could I have learned without them? Often, in my haste to hear your approval, I failed to consider the reasons for a particular answer to a question. But then, an insight into Emerson was worth all the mistakes.

And I love you . . . Elizabeth Cumming.

Laura Prince

INCIDENT IN BEIRUT, LEBANON

(Continued from page 12)

knowing what we believe to be the truth and our reasons for that belief."

As far as beliefs are concerned, students here as everywhere tend to push them in the background in an attempt to face the increasingly complicated activities and schedule of university life. The interesting fact remains (at least from my own experience) that beliefs do not long remain in the background. The general five-minute conversation is casual, interesting and typical of any university student almost anywhere, but any serious continuation leads to politics, especially if one is speaking to a student of anti-West opinion. Since Arab Christians tend to be pro-West and Arab Muslims tend to be the extreme nationalist, the discussion soon plunges into the real, basic differences of Islam and Christianity. Now the well-known questions come thick and fast. "Don't we believe in the same things basically? Our God is fundamentally the same as yours even if you Christians do believe in trisecting him into three! Aren't we both trying to make the world "good" and bring peace? What do you have that we don't have? But we do have Christ!—He is one of the greatest of our prophets—a truly great man." At this point the session usually ends in disagreement over a question that every person at some time has to ask himself and has to answer by himself . . . Who is Christ?



I hear that Davidson will be co-ed next year—they're admitting men.



The Davidson Gentleman as seen by Himself.



The Davidson Gentleman as seen by the Queens Student.

Placing Department
W W Sanctuary
W W, North Calina

Dear Suh,

Yo' has been recomended to me fo' to 'rite to 'bout my problem. I is in need of a man 'round the house and I tho't t' 'rite you fo' some help. But, suh, I cain't use jest any ole man. He gotta be strong and handy in the feel and be able to milk and slaughter and keep the kids in line. Now min' I didn't say I wanted no bull what's gonna scream at 'em and beat me and tho' his things 'round the house. An' I cain't go t' keeping licca in the icebox where they's things I have to put out in the snow now when it's cold 'nuff fur lack o' space. No, suh, them drinkin' men's dangrus. Gotta be keerful when ya pick 'em kind what drinks see'n as how the folks 'round these here parts frowns on boozling and a person's gotta be diskreet. I gotta have a man what's good behin' a mule and at the long end o' a ax but I gotta have a man's good to me atter it's too dark to plow—one o' them intilectial kind so's I kin be proud to introduce 'im to my frien's and he kin talk 'bout 'em educated subjec's lik' buyin' 'and sellin' and transportin' and foreign talk. Yes, suh, he'd need a lot o' larnin' bout the way them immigrints spout and spit cause these here people

14—THE QUILL

Route 1
Mooreville, North Calina
April 28, 1958

chew and dip and sometimes a body thinks they ain't no kin to Uncle Sam. Has mos' o' yo' men got resonable 'ligion? Now I cain't go t'having no heathen in my house. I been larnin' a little Sunday School class o' younguns for nigh on t' fo' years and I got to have a man what'll scort me t' the church on time ever Sunday nite. If'n you go t' church ever Sunday fur long 'nuff time you git a little pin an' I ain't missed a Sunday in fo' years. He got to be a reverent man what takes his 'ligion serious. We won't have no souls what won't be interested and 'tentive while the preacher's holding service. We ain't too close to too many people but ever oncet in a while we gits visitors and I needs a friendly man who gits along with his brother man. We gits long with mos' any body, even 'em society fellows. We tries not t' displease 'em and they leaves us be comforble. Now I seen a few fellas standin' roun town and a frien' o' mine who works in a little restrunt this side o' the "Bird Sanctuary" sign tol' me bout all 'em men what she cain't tell one from t'other see'n as how they's all alik and I figgered if'n you got so many and I ain't got none sho'ly you could be willin' to let me have jes' one. I gotta have a man an' jes' cain't spare the time from the farm and my church work t' hunt one down myself but I don't want you should send me no pig-in-poke sissy. I gotta git a real man—a real gentulman.

Anxious and desprate
C. Gertrude Denim

Charlotte Knoefel

Though I cannot feel it,
It reaches out to awaken me when the sunlight creeps
through the wall of night's darkness;
It guides my unsteady step, unknown to me, as
I move about in a world spinning too fast for thought;
If I should cry, or even worry over one minute problem, it
is there to comfort me—
A never-tiring rest on which to lean;
And when I lay my weary body down, as the quiet darkness
slips over the infinite sky,
It gently edges me into a peaceful unconsciousness,
And again I am unaware of the ever-present, loving hand
of God.

Mary Stenhouse

Never to be mine through ties
Visible to man—to love, honor, cherish.
Yet mine, for this and ever
Beyond the reach of space and time;
For something of myself is part of you.

Something of me walks with you,
Spans our divided worlds
As though it were a nothing,
To seek you amid the pressing throng,
And in the quiet of your solitude
Rejoicing in your slightest joy,
Weeping your tears an hundredfold;
For you have touched this life, and
Something of myself—made part of you.

Suzanne Carruthers

I am not happy
For I love
A man of ice—blue and cold.
I need his love
But shall not receive it;
He loves another
Much greater than I—
Himself.

You have left me
and though I no longer
love you
here I
wait
I shall return
to the
old life of
eating
sleeping
forgetting
But not
just yet

Laura Prince

Because I have not the words,
Because I am left with only the reaction,
I cannot hope.
Here, secluded from the world by
The fragrance of pale lilies,
The fluttering light of tapering candles,
The quiet movement of cream satin, antique lace;
I cannot hope for your understanding—
But may tell you only with this kiss
Of my love for you.

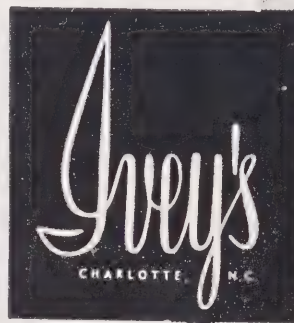
Betty Jenkins

Alita White

Obscure and doubtful,
Thoughts lie dormant
In the midst of conformity
New ideas—opposition;
Opposition—fear!
Thoughts plead
For expression,
A freer world
No longer held
By prejudice,
No longer stuck
In the clinging mud
Of society.

Let's exchange
Sidewalks,
Civilization,
And sun,
For sun,
Sea, and sky!
Let's go
Away
To fish all day
(and feed gnats)
To meditate,
Muse, and
Mumble
About every
Least, last,
Latest
Trivial thing.

keep your
eye on



for
significant
fashion news

YOU'LL LOVE IT

by

S. Sharpe
and
B. Calhoun

In the spring of 1958, as in every spring since 1858 and in every spring from now until the end of time, Queens College education majors venture forth to the battlefields of local grade and high schools—their uniform, a suit and heels; their badge, a bag lunch. Recorded here are glimpses into the “strange, new life” of daily experiences, joys of human relationships, and the satisfaction of mission accomplished . . . or unaccomplished.

Eager acceptance of the student teacher by her class:
“Hey, teach, how long are you going to be here?”

Popularity:
“Boy, I sure will be glad when our *real* teacher gets back.”

Expression of confidence from the critic teacher:

“I think you’re doing fine, but . . .”

Personal interest of students:

“How about a date?”

Sympathetic understanding on the part of the class:

“Miss Floyd, are you going to be in here all alone today?”

Interest in learning:

“Mr. Sanders never gave us a pop quiz.”

Humorous insight:

“Miss Sharpe, is that Handel’s *Water Music Suite* music to bathe by?”

Critic teacher’s concern for the student teacher’s development:

“The first thing you should become acquainted with is the grading system. Now, here are sixty-five term papers . . .”

Display of intellectual curiosity:

“Miss Rolston, is that a sack dress?”

Relaxed classroom situation in which progressive discipline devices may be employed:

“Shut up!”

Innocence of high school students:

“Me? I didn’t say anything?”

Interest in assignments:

“What was our homework for today?”

Refreshing candor:

“Miss Wagner, you don’t like me, do you?”

Response of attentive student:

“I don’t know.”

Favorite classroom game:

“Guess Who’s Whistling, Miss Summerville?”

Critic teacher’s willingness to give the student teacher a free hand:

“These are the lesson plans which I would like for you to use this week.”

Enthusiastic goal of the student teacher:

“Four more days, two more hours and fifteen more minutes.”

When the next Queens century passes on, much about college life will have changed: for the student teachers all may be a utopia—fried chicken in the bags every day and television in the classroom. But one stimulating, irritating, exasperating element will remain constant—the student. And it will be in spite of him and because of him that the education major will continue to say for another one hundred years, “Practice teaching? You’ll love it!”

A Plea for Profanity—

Somewhere Else

Naughty words—it’s my belief—

Fill the poet’s heart with grief,

For naughty words sound much like sirens

When voiced in the wrong environs,

But since it’s plainer every day

That naughty words are here to stay,

Let poets stop before each “damn”

To consider where they am.

also

Profanity, Profanity,

You’ve taken all my sanity,

You appear with speed uncanny

When *The Quill* is read by Granny.

from the Poetry Editor

with apologies to

Ogden Nash

THE BARRINGER HOTELS

100% AIR CONDITIONED



Charlotte, N. C.

Columbia, S. C.

Augusta, Ga.

HOLLY SMITH

213 S. Tryon Street
Park Road Shopping Center

Cameras, Cards, Gifts,
and Records

We will help you
with all your selections.

For classes, for dates,
for sports events—
for all your college
sportswear and dress
needs—it's

MARION DAVIS CO.

Providence Rd. Myers Park Shopping Center

Mecklenburg Hotel

Outstanding Southern Hospitality & Service

Famous French Dining Room

Service Excellent — Food at Moderate Prices

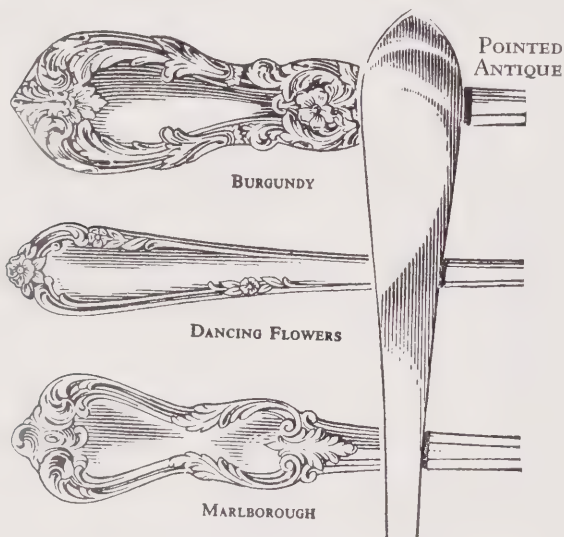
KALE-LAWING COMPANY

"Stationers, Printers, Office Outfitters"

All Makes of Portable Typewriters

227-231 S. Tryon St. Phone FR 7-2641

CHARLOTTE, N. C.



No matter what the season, your world-renowned Reed & Barton sterling silver is the focal point of your entertaining, your everyday dining.

Burgundy	\$36.50	Marlborough	\$31.75
Dancing Flowers	\$29.75	Pointed Antique	\$32.50

CLUB AND CHARGE ACCOUNTS

Garibaldi & Bruns

Established 1896

104 S. Tryon Street

Ladies' Apparel



MILDRED'S SHOP

753 Providence Road

Cherry Blossoms

Susan
Burns

A single shaft of sunlight peeped bashfully through a slit in the brown rice-paper wall. Mitziko watched the dust play tag in the golden beam. She turned to the dresser before her and saw a face in the mirror. Two dark eyes gazed back at her from above a black kimono. She gritted her teeth, yanked the rubber band from her ponytail, then began to brush her hair with long sweeping strokes. Why couldn't she wear her hair short like the Americans? Her parents were so old-fashioned. She even had to wear kimonos. Most of her friends wore dresses, at least around the house.

Mitziko brushed her hair back into her usual ponytail, only now she pinned the ponytail flat against her head so that it would fit neatly under the huge wig that lay before her on the dresser. On the wig, below the white band that was to hide the traditional horns of jealousy of a Shinto bride, was a single spray of stiff paper cherry blossoms.

Mitziko remembered the arched branches of delicate blossoms that had lined the walks in the garden near her home. She and Masana had often walked in the garden. They had planned their future together while bathed in the rosy glow of the sunlight that filtered through the thick blossoms. Sitting on the cool marble bench, they had talked of the time when Masana would leave her to go to medical school. Although Masana was now working as a house-boy for the Americans, this was just to earn enough money to go on to school. She and Masana had grown up together. She could hardly remember the time she had not known those piercing brown eyes that could laugh while the rest of his face remained serious. In the first years after the war, he had been able to help her. The time she had wanted to date an American he had made her realize that her parents only wanted the best for her and weren't really dragons when they didn't approve of the new American custom of dating. He had explained that it wasn't always best for an inexperienced Japanese girl to go out with a tall American soldier. Masana had persuaded her not to give up the unquestioning obedience to her elders that was instilled in every Japanese child. After that she had always obeyed in every way, although she sometimes suspected that her parents were wrong.

Mitziko remembered the night she had come home late from the park. Her mother had been too excited even to scold her for coming home late. Keyobi-san, one of Tokyo's wealthiest men, was visiting her father, and Mitziko was expected to serve tea. She had smoothed her peach kimono and brushed back her blue black hair before she had knelt in front of the light bamboo door. Her father and Keyobi-san had been seated beside the black lacquer table with inlaid mother-of-pearl dragons. Keyobi-san's dark eyes darted toward her and then away; his thick lips parted into a sneering smile. As Mitziko whipped the powdered green tea with three precise strokes, she hadn't been able to take her eyes from his pock-marked face. The ceremony of preparing tea couldn't be hurried, so she had to remain in the same room with him and be polite, as was expected of her.

Later that night her father had come to her and told her that she was to be married. He had confessed that he owed Keyobi-san a debt, which Keyobi-san would cancel after his marriage to Mitziko. Mitziko remembered how long she had cried that night after her father had left. She knew that because she was the only child left she must provide for her parents in their old age, but how could she marry this man? Marriages were often arranged; that wasn't unusual. Japanese girls were not expected to fall in love like the Americans in the movies, but she dreaded the thought of spending the rest of her life with Keyobi-san. Maybe she could get a job and save enough money to pay her father's debt. She had known that this was impossible. Her parents wouldn't allow her to work; she hadn't been brought up for that. It had been then that she had thought of Masana. He had always solved her problems before and told her what to do. Masana would know. Masana would find a way.

Mitziko finished applying the white rice paste over her face. She added red to her mouth and carefully painted black eyebrows. With trembling hands, she lifted the heavy wig and pulled it down over her head; the paper cherry blossoms crinkled with the movement. In the mirror was reflected a white porcelain doll. Mitziko rose, walked with timid steps across the room, silently slid the door open, and stepped over the threshold.

THE CELL

by
Mary
Brooks
Yarborough

"I can't scream and cry anymore. I can't do anything but be scared—scared and lonely."

"You, scared?"

"Sure, I'm scared. Tell me the guy who isn't scared to die. Oh, I don't mean preachers and saints! Tell me the guy who isn't scared when he's left alone finally after all the big show's over. Maybe you're not scared to die if you're in war or doing something in a hurry. But tell me the guy who's not scared when he's left alone to see how big it is. And how lonely. Nobody's going with me. I'm going alone. I'll do it alone. There won't be anybody there—only the watchers."

"'God,' they've said. I don't know God. It isn't like visiting a friend you know and already like. It's seeing a stranger. And all he's heard is that I haven't done things he likes. He's already got the word. And it's bad."

"'Sorry?' Am I sorry? For what? For what he did to me first? For what I did back to him? To die? Sure, I'm sorry to die."

"Then why did I do it? The law's over everybody's head. But sometimes you don't think about it enough to stop. You forget. Something's so big you forget the big stick's up there 'til it hits you on the head."

"And you scream and yell when you feel it—and the hand cuffs—and the call. Then after a while you're tired and scared and lonely. Mostly scared."

11 p.m.

by

Barbara White

The woman sits alone in the cafe. Surrounding her are piles of smooth-topped tables worn slick by nightly poker players year after year and rancidly smelling of many nauseating brands of stale whisky. The tables are filled with dozens of cheap, scuffed chairs. Along one wall stretches a room-length bar, its brass railings brightly polished and radiating in the drab room.

The bartender is out for a moment, leaving a dirty towel heaped on the bar. He had been polishing the many crystal clear glasses, reflecting glossily in the scummy mirror.

Running a bony finger through the frizzly, dyed-blond hair, a mass of mussed ringlets, revealing brown roots, the woman heaves a tremendous sigh as old man Solitaire whips her once more. Deftly she rakes up the pile of cards, automatically shuffling these worn, leather-like pieces of card-board.

From overhead the whirring whine of a gigantic fan, stirring up choking dust, creating a hazy atmosphere buzzing with flies which sneak in through the weather-beaten, sagging doors.

As she deals, she expertly surveys the cards through dense, sham eyelashes, falsely curling upward from the bleak, violet eyes set in puffy sockets.

Her complexion may have once been clear, but is now caked with smeared make-up, a futile attempt to cover up denied wrinkles and coarseness.

Her over-emphasized, brightly painted mouth is drawn up in a frowning pucker surrounded by deep and tight lines.

Her falling chin line is concealed by a bit of feathery fluff tied around her scrawny neck. Amazingly, her soft shoulders are still pretty. A black beauty-mark accents one.

A dress of shimmering, cheap, green satin, swishing with her movements, is drawn snugly across her still youthful bosom, revealing, not attempting to conceal. Through the waist it becomes tighter, a dress not suited for a beginning middle-age spread.

On her knotty, dirty ankles are wisps of straps holding tight black slippers, sparkling with dazzling sequins that match the long earbobs dangling from her flabby lobes.

Suddenly a man, tall and prosperous looking, walks aloofly through the door. A magic fluid seems to flow through her veins. She is a moth awakening from a long winter, slowly coming to life, entering the world from her cocoon. No longer a tired old woman sitting at a battered table, but, younger, with fire in her eyes and a twist in her walk, she slinks across the room to a yellow-keyed, musty piano, begins to pick out a melody on its out-of-tune keys, and sings in a lusty, throaty voice.

20—THE QUILL

Charlotte

Raleigh

1800 W. Morehead Street

CHARLOTTE

Charcoal

Steak House

Raleigh—Highway 64 East

Greensboro

Jacksonville

HOTEL CHARLOTTE

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

"Carolinas Largest & Finest Hotel"

AIR CONDITIONED

THE PINE ROOM
EARLY AMERICAN RESTAURANT
INFORMAL DINING

Alton L. Bland, President

Kenneth B. Cross, Manager

Life, have you any meaning
in your foolish ways
Is there any purpose in
your endless folly
Or any value in your
very search for meaning . . .
Are you merely
an endless, ever-flowing stream
of happenings
Colored by the flash
of human destiny
And the strangeness
of colorful delusion . . .
Dare you search it out yourself
Are you afraid
Do you fear it
Fear to face
yourself
To discover it
for your own . . .

Can it be found here
Here, where only
half-awakened souls
give up their lonely search
Here, where men
are forever
busy
with unimportant
matters . . .
Must it be found alone
Are there not other souls
Seeking
something
Yearning
for some ray of hope
Searching
for a master plan
or purpose
Striving
in their very beings
toward
something greater than
themselves.

Reese's Antique Shops

Present an Outstanding Collection of

*Furniture of all Periods . . . Exquisite Appointments
. . . and a choice selection of Gift suggestions . . .*

at

1029 Providence Rd.

120 West Fifth St.

COMPLIMENTS

OF

AL BROWNE'S SERVICE

AND

FUEL OIL



Reynolds

114A W. 5th St.

Featuring the newest in College Fashions
for the Smart Collegian.



AMERICAN COMMERCIAL *Bank*

200-208 South Tryon Street

Member of Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

THE ICE CREAM CONE

by
Sally
Anderson

He was a small, frail-looking boy about seven years old, and his jagged blond hair and pert though grimy features gave him an appealing, elfin air. He was peering over the counter of a musty little drugstore in Harper, West Virginia, where I had stopped for a pack of cigarettes while traveling through the town. What attracted my attention to him was his intense concentration on the bright ice cream advertisements stuck on the mirror opposite him, as if his choice was of rare and earth-shaking importance. As I stood watching him, I noticed the weary droop of his mouth and shoulders—he was a miner's son, I decided.

"Well, are you gonna make up yer mind any time today?" the clerk snapped at him. "When I get good 'n' ready," retorted the boy, flaring up suddenly; then much more subdued, "A small strawberry, I guess." A few moments later,

cone in hand, he scuffed out the door, his mouth not so weary now that his tongue was sliding luxuriously over glistening pink strawberries.

I purchased the cigarettes and walked toward the door. As I was opening it, I heard a thin, adolescent voice sneering, "Look, kid, are you gonna give it to me or am I gonna take it?" Two shoddily dressed toughs in their early teens were confronting the boy on the sidewalk, and his ice cream cone was obviously their aim. They started menacingly toward him, but before I could move, his hand had dashed the cone to the sidewalk. For a split second he stood glaring at the astounded attackers, his blue eyes snapping and his body trembling, and the pink strawberry cream glistening at his feet. Then he was gone in the shadows between the buildings.

Park Place Pharmacy

613 Providence Road

ED 3-1114

Registered Pharmacist

Always on Duty

PROVIDENCE SHOE REPAIR

"Fine Shoe Repairing"

601-B Providence Rd.

ED 2-6281

S. B. Wooten, Mgr.



PARKER-GARDNER COMPANY

118 W. Trade Street

Phone ED 2-8257

Headquarters for Music



Goforth's Inc.

Gifts — Cards — Stationery

Telephone FR 5-0027

Selwyn Hotel Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.

FOR—

COSMETICS

PERFUME

STATIONERY

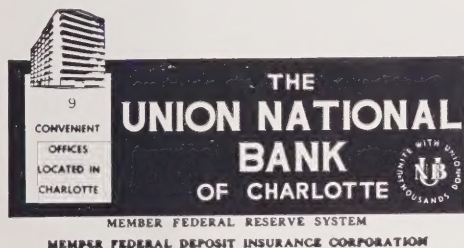
DRUGS

PRESCRIPTIONS

SHOP

ECKERDS DRUG STORE

1025 PROVIDENCE ROAD
Park Road Shopping Center



9
CONVENIENT
OFFICES
LOCATED IN
CHARLOTTE

THE
UNION NATIONAL
BANK
OF CHARLOTTE

MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

first in college fashions

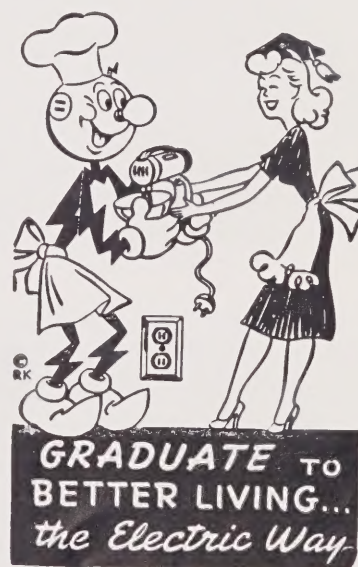


2nd Floor

Suzanne Carruthers

I love you!
But you never hear my
Heart's plea.
I laugh, I cry
I know not what I do.
You are reflected in my
Every deed, word, thought.
I love you—
Why are you so cold?

Forgive me, I seem to
Forget
You are not mine to be
Held as it pleases me.
My head is reeling and
My eyes smart.
I shall go now
Tears blur your
Picture.



DUKE POWER COMPANY
Serving the Piedmont Carolinas

